



BY OLIVER HERFORD.



THIS MAJESTY, the King
of Beasts,
Tired of fuss and formal feasts,
Once resolved that he
would go
On a tour incognito.

But a suitable
disguise
Was not easy to
devise;
Kingly natures do
not care
Other people's
things to
wear.

And so he did, and as you 'll guess,
He had a measure of success.
Disguised in name alone, he yet
Took in 'most every one he met.

The first was Mister Wolf, who said
"Your Majesty—" "Off with his head!"
The angry monarch roared. "I am,
I 'd have you know, a Woolly Lamb."

Then Mistress Lamb, who, being near,
Had heard, addressed him: "Brother
dear—"

"Odds cats!" the lion roared, "my word!
Such insolence I never heard!"

The very thought filled him with shame.
"No, I will simply change my name,"
Said he, "and go just as I am,
And call myself a Woolly Lamb."



His rage was a terrific sight
 (It almost spoiled his appetite).
 And so it went, until one day
 He met Sir Fox, who stopped to say
 (Keeping just far enough away,
 Yet in a casual, off-hand
 way,
 As if he did n't care
 a fig),
 "Good morning to you,
 Thingumjig."



Now everybody, small and big,
 Knows what is meant by Thingumjig;
 But what is now a household word
 In those days never had been heard.
 Sir Fox himself invented it
 This great emergency to fit.

The King of Beasts, quite unprepared
 For this reception, simply stared.

Of course he was not going to show
 There was a word he did not know.
 He bowed, and with his haughtiest air
 Resumed his walk; but everywhere
 He went his subjects, small and big,
 Took up the cry of Thingumjig.

It followed him where'er he went;
 He did n't dare his rage to
 vent.
 Suppose it were a compli-
 ment?

His anger then would only show
 Here was a word he did not know!
 The only course for him, 't was clear,
 Was to pretend he did not hear.

And this he did until, at length,
 Long fasting so impaired his strength
 He gave his tour up in despair,
 Mid great rejoicing everywhere.

